THE TRYST.

At night beneath the silver stars,
The gleaming stars, the dreaming stars,
She waits beside the pasture bars
  Till down the path I pass, O;
And all the whispers of the airs,
The shifting airs, the drifting airs,
Are freighted with the angels' prayers
  To guard my little lass, O.

Her eyes are like a summer sea,
A heaving sea, a grieving sea,
And, ah, their light is all for me,
  And all for me her love, O;
As waiting there amid the gloom,
The darkening gloom, the hearkening gloom,
She breathes the evening's faint perfume
  That broods the fields above, O.

Oh, Margery, my little love,
My nearest love, my dearest love,
Soft-eyed and gentle as a dove,
  Across the fields she trips, O;
And, ah, the all-enthralling charm,
The captured charm, the raptured charm,
To feel her hand upon my arm
  And touch her dewy lips, O.

Beside the bars with shining eyes,
With youthful eyes, with truthful eyes,
The listening vastness of the skies
  Bends low to see us meet, O;
Till up the lane she goes from me,
She starts from me, she parts from me,
And all the grasses bow to see
  And kiss her passing feet, O.
—Guy Wetmore Carryl, in N. Y. Truth.

CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

They bore the three men along and placed them in an inner office. Then Sandy led the way to the vaults, unlocked and threw open the doors and there lay the gold coin of Uncle Sam—great heaps sewed up in sacks containtaining $10,000 each.

Each man took from beneath his vest a canvas bag and filled it with as many sacks of coin as he could carry, and the 24 men, well laden, marched back to the Fisher Boy and hastily descended to the captain's cabin, where the gold was deposited. Then the uniforms were doffed and the sailor rig donned, the fastenings cast loose and the Fisher Boy swung round, her ample sails spread, filled with the stiffening breeze, and she was off, scudding through the water like a thing of life, dashing the spray from her prow, and fast leaving behind the scene of the most daring exploit of Black Beard.

On a ladder that hung suspended over her stern stood a man with a brush and a paint pot. The Fisher Boy had disappeared from the face of the ocean forever, and it was the Nancy Parks that at midnight on the 18th of the month found her way under the guidance of an experienced eye into the estuary of Smith's island and was made fast to the pirate's landing.

The gold was transferred to the cavern and placed with the other treasures to await a general division by Black Beard among his crew. Then bumper followed bumper over the success of their last great venture, and when finally the last man had drunk his fill and story and rhyme and song died out the music of the cabin changed to lusty snores, which evidenced that even pirate forms must find repose, and repose they did, as peacefully as though the nation was not aroused as it had not been since 1812, and as if they heeded not the fact that congress had already offered a reward of $250,000 for the apprehension of the looters of the treasury.

True, they knew not who they were, but as Black Beard's name was now on every tongue it was conceded to be he; though the third secretary, when released from his uncomfortable position at nine a. m. on the 16th, said: "That from the military bearing of the officer who accompanied him from his house to the treasury he must have been a West Pointer."

CHAPTER XX.

BLACK BEARD VISITS THE WIDOW BRUCE.

At midnight on the 20th a boat in which was seated seven men, six at the oars and one astern, was fast approaching Smithville from the direction of the island. Were it not so dark the figures might have been discerned by the lookout or crew of any vessel that might be passing in or out of the inlet.

The man in the stern who had hold of the tiller ropes was the one who bore the title of Black Beard—the man who in four months had terrorized the entire Atlantic coast and performed deeds of daring far surpassing those of any bold buccaneer that ever trod the quarter deck of a privateer on the Atlantic coast or stretched hemp at a yard arm. He neither wore a black beard now nor was he dressed in seaman's garb, but attired very much as were the planters of the period.

Bill Gibbs, Sandy and four other strong men held the oars, and as the six blades dropped into the seething brine, and they swayed back with their long, regular strokes, the boat shot forward as though propelled by more than bone and sinew, her sharp prow cutting the water and causing the spray to fall back into the faces of the buccaneers.

On the salt marsh but a few hundred yards from the court house, they pulled the boat ashore.

"Now, men," said the captain, "four of you will come with me—Gibbs, Sandy, Watson and Bullion—Staggs and the Croaker will remain with the boat—if anyone approaches, pull off, but if not, lie low; there's no one stirring now. We will do one good deed, and after that amend the law's delay, and mete out justice to a wretch who else may baffle it for all time to come, and then, my lads, we turn our back upon this coast forever. True men on whose lives the law has heavy claims should not be the ones to prate of the misdeeds of others, or amending the law's delay in meting out justice, while in our own cases we are in no great haste for it. But there are crimes for which I would hang a member of my crew at the yard arm, and for such a crime one man dies ere Black Beard leaves this coast. Come!"

The five men proceeded through the town, while the sleeping townsmen little dreamed that Black Beard was walking past their doors. At the gate of the cottage of Margaret Bruce they halted. A moment more and the captain had adjusted a long black beard.

"Now, Bill, the box."

A small box was handed him, and from the way he handled it, it must have been quite heavy.

"I won't keep you long, men," and in a moment more he had knocked on the door.

Presently a voice asked: "Who wakes Margot Bruce at this hoor of the nicht?"

"One, dame, that you must see, now or never, on matters of importance to all who are of the family of Angus Bruce."

"Angus Bruce! my ain Angus!"

The door opened, and Black Beard passed within. It closed, and for a good long hour did he remain there, and when at length the door opened, and he walked out, there were tears in his eyes, and his voice quavered as he said:

"Good-by, now, and good-by forever; don't forget."

Black Beard joined his men, and they hastened away. The little wooden box had been left in the cottage.

When the gate had been closed, then it was that the widow sank upon her knees.

"Angus! Angus! my ain, ain son!"

Then she started to her feet, grasped a shawl, threw it over her head and started to the door, but suddenly halted, pressed both hands to her head and exclaimed:

"I can na doot! My God, I can na doot," and fell to the floor unconscious, where we will leave her and return to Black Beard and his men.

They speedily rejoined those who had been left at the boat, and ere dawn of day were quietly sleeping in their safe retreat.

CHAPTER XXI.

HUGH GORDON VISITS KENDALL.

On the evening of October 5 Herbert and Fannie were over at Orton, and Aunt Mag was seated on the floor before the library fire (a favorite position of hers when left alone) awaiting the return of her master. Suddenly she exclaimed:

"I can't z'actly see the way clar, but if the worst do come, marster, this yere knife is just as sharp as the one what—Neber mind, Mag won't fail, honey. Clara Hill shall neber be his wife. Mag done swore it, but I wonder what is become of that man what promised to tend to the balance; 'pears he desert, and there ain't no one for Mag to 'sult about it."

While Aunt Mag was thus communing with herself, there came a knock at the door.

"I wonder now who is that; it must be Reynolds," and Aunt Mag arose to her feet, and went to the door; she opened it. The man who entered was Hugh Gorden, the man whom Margaret Bruce had said would tend to the balance.

"I know you're alone, Aunt Mag," he said, "for I saw your master and mistress ride away. Poor girl, it was terrible to see her riding by with her father's murderer—but can I come in? Will we be uninterrupted for a half hour?"

"Bress de Lawd you's come, marster. I was getting skeered you had left Mag to do her work alone, but marster, it would be done in time," and Mag drew from the folds of her dress a knife.

"Not that, Aunt Mag, not that; why, woman, they would hang you for murder; let the law deal with Herbert Lathrop; in that way alone can the foul stain be lifted from the name of Angus Bruce."

"It's ole marster's murderer that I wants brought to jestes; as for Angus Bruce, if he's cleared of that, he's still Black Beard, and a pirate—it can't help him."

"One thing at a time, Mag, one thing at a time. Let Black Beard look out for himself."

"Why, that's what Angus' mother says, but come this way, marster," and when they were seated in the library, with locked doors, she added, "no one won't 'sturb us here."

"Now, Aunt Mag, how can it be arranged, that I and some one else—who I do not yet know—can be within hearing distance of the conversation between you and your master in which you will try and cause him to make admissions of his guilt?"

"I won't only try, but I'll make him do it."

"But where will the conversation take place, and where will we be secreted?"

"I'll make marster 'fess right in this very room. How many of you will be here to hear him?"

"But two, I think; that will be quite sufficient."

"Why one of you might lay under that lounge, and t'other one—"

"What's in that bookcase, Mag? There where the glass is broken out, the curtain pulled aside?"

"Why, books."

"Could not the books be removed? A man might then stand there and hear and see all. That would be the very place."

"Yes, marster, I can fix it."

"Now, Mag, for the time."

"When marster's been up to Wilmington, and comes back at night is the best time. You see, when he goes up there, it makes him drink more than he does here at Kendall, then when he comes home, he drinks more yet, and at night after Miss Fannie has gone to bed, I brings him his hot Scotch, and you see I spec he sleeps sounder arter it; so then's the time."

"But are you sure your master will go to Wilmington before the marriage takes place?"

"Yes, I hear him say he bleeged to go next Monday."

"Let's see; to-morrow will be Friday, the 6th; Monday will be the 9th. Short time, just a night before the ceremonies are to take place, but yet there is time enough. Well, Aunt Mag, I shall probably not leave this neighborhood, and will try to see you again on Monday. I will watch the river, and know when he leaves the landing; meanwhile be cautious—should he suspect, all will be lost, for there is positively no evidence on which to convict him, nor will there be, if our plans fail."

Long after Hugh Gordon had passed out into the night did Aunt Mag keep her station before the library fire, pondering as to what would be the outcome of the conversation she would hold with her master, and to which there would be at least two witnesses. "If I could get Marse Herbert to visit the old home, when he goes to town Monday," she thought, "it would be best, for then he would be more skeered and narvous. I'll jes' 'member Miss Fannie 'bout something she needs from there, and he'll sure go and get it. I ain't forget old marster."

When Herbert and Fannie came home Mag was lying in front of the fire, apparently asleep.

"Sound asleep," said Fannie. "Faithful old soul—a clear conscience causes sound slumbers."

Herbert started as though he had been stung by a scorpion.

"Why, what's the matter, cousin? One to see you start at those words would think your conscience was not clear."

"No, no! I was thinking how near the 10th is, Fannie."

"Is there anything in that to alarm you, pray?"

"No, Fannie, not to alarm me, but Clara. Do you think she will be happy? I know that you will be, for you love Clarence, and he loves you, and it is your disposition to be happy."

"I trust, cousin, that you can make Clara happy, and that ere long she will forget the troubles of the past. As for me, I am quite happy; would be entirely so, but my coming marriage seems almost too soon after my father's death. In that I have been guided by you and Clarence, and dear Father and Mother Hill. Still I think father would not have it otherwise."

"Be assured he would not, Fannie."

"Well, good-night, Herbert, and pleasant dreams."

Fannie tripped away as happy as a bird.

"Dreams," muttered Herbert, "pleasant dreams. There will be dreams; but such dreams. My God! will they always haunt me; am I never more to

"You are a stranger in this section, Sir?"

know the unbroken slumbers that weighed my eyelids down, before—before—. Aunt Mag! Aunt Mag! Come, my hot whisky, and I'll go to bed."

"Scuse me, Marse Herbert, I 'clare I was asleep."

CHAPTER XXII.

HUGH GORDON AND TOM HILL CONFER.

When the Sunshine passed up to Wilmington at 11 o'clock on Monday, Herbert Lathrop was aboard her, and the eyes of Hugh Gordon were watching the steamer depart.

"Now to complete the snare," he said to himself, as he followed a rice field bank in the direction of Orton.

When he reached the upland, he proceeded through a grove and in the direction of the chapel, which was some miles from the residence.

Noticing that the doors were open, he thought to glance at the interior, and in a moment more stood on the threshold.

A number of negroes were at work festooning the walls with moss and wreaths of cypress, cedar and pine, while such flowers as could be found in October were transforming the altar into a thing of beauty.

A young man, who was evidently supervising the arrangements, noticed the newcomer and raised his hat.

Mr. Gordon responded in a similar manner.

Tom Hill—for it was he—walked forward to the door and remarked:

"You are a stranger in this section, sir, I think. Can I give you any desired information?"

"I think not," said Gordon. "I am, as you say, a stranger here, and was attracted ashore, more with a desire to study the landscape than anything else, as I am somewhat artistically inclined. My name is Hugh Gordon."

"Mine, Thomas Hill, at your service."

"You seem, Mr. Hill, to be decorating for some important event."

"One important in the family of Hill, for to-morrow night, within this little chapel, my brother will take unto himself a wife, and my sister a husband."

"Why so, a double wedding?"

"Yes, indeed."

"It is to be hoped the marriages may prove happy."

"Oh, I have little doubt of one, but somehow for the other I fear; but what am I saying? You are a stranger, quite."

"I am a stranger to you, as you say, Mr. Hill, but I have an important matter on which I desire to consult you; so important, at least, that one member of your family will have her whole life ruined, unless, perhaps, you listen to what I have to say, and join me in an attempt to bring to justice the murderer of Banker Loyd."

"Of John Loyd! Why, what can we do with that? He roams up and down the coast at will, with many thousand dollars on his head; yes, he has even successfully raided the treasury of Uncle Sam, but whether he be captured or no makes little difference to any member of our family. But you said her, as though my sister or my mother were interested in his capture. Though he did murder my sister's former affianced, he previously saved her life, and murderer, pirate though he be, I assure you it would not wreck her happiness were he never captured.

"Quite otherwise. I have reason to believe that her happiness would be marred to hear of his being taken, outlaw though he be. So rest assured I will not aid you there.

"Let those who seek the reward search the ocean wide for Angus; my duties take me not on the sea."

"You mistook me; I said not Angus Bruce."

"You said the banker's murderer."

"Most true; the banker's murderer was not Angus Bruce."

"Not Angus Bruce! Who, then, pray, since you know so much?"

"John Loyd was murdered by his nephew, Herbert Lathrop."

"You are crazy, man! How dare you thus defame the name of an honorable man, and one my sister will so soon wed?"

"Mr. Hill, we attract attention here; will you go with me elsewhere, and I will explain all."

"It's useless. The work here is completed. You can go now," he said to the negroes. "Now, Mr. Gordon, we will take seats." And when they were seated in the little chapel, he added: "There were but two witnesses to the murder of John Loyd, one his daughter, who will to-morrow night wed my brother; the other, Herbert Lathrop."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TOO DANGEROUS TO PRAY.

The Fervent Old Darky Thought His Heels More Effective.

Uncle Duff, hearing the noise, began to pray; Aunt Saluda joined him fervently; Sam listened stupidly and in suffocating terror.

Fifteen cannon thundered together, over beyond the bridge, and a flight of shells in the air made a prolonged whizzing noise, followed presently by a rapid spluttering of musketry in the woods at the lower edge of the plantation. The regiment went across the field at double-quick step, knocking over the fences as they came in the way.

"Oh, good Lor', ef ye kin spa' de ole man er leetle bit longer—" began Uncle Duff, but his prayer was interrupted by an explosion on both sides of the river, rival batteries thundering at one another, and opposing lines of infantry exchanging long rolling volleys.

Mrs. Farrow saw the cavalry scurry away from their lurking place under the river bank and disappear in the woods, while four or five heavy field guns, drawn by panting and overworked horses, trundled rapidly along the red clay road, the drivers whipping and swearing.

After a few rounds there came a short lull in the bombardment, during which a singular serenity pervaded the air and sky.

"Dar, now, Lor', stop de wa' right heah, and lef' de ole darky—"

But Uncle Duff sprang to his feet as another awful cannonade began, and a shell burst on the railroad track in front of the door. He forgot his prayer.

"Hell an' fury!" he cried, "dat's dangerous! Gi' me my hat, for de Lor' sake!, I's gwine outen yer!" And he rushed through the back doorway and across the garden to the woods, followed by Sam and Aunt Saluda.—Lippincott's Magazine.

This Is No Joke.

Many jokes have been told about trains being delayed by cows on the track and the difficulty experienced in many cases in eluding these meddlesome animals. The belief is popular that the days of these occurrences are past, but now comes a tale of an hour's delay of a train on one of the best railroads of the country caused by a cow on the track.

This was a Wisconsin cow, and had its pasture about 50 miles from Chicago. No one knows why it wandered into a culvert, but an engineer on a fast passenger train coming toward Chicago saw it in time to save its life. The engine stopped at the abutment of the bridge, and hands were out to get the animal out of the path. Conductor Mullen took the truant cow by the horns and tried to lead it out. The cow could not move, and, besides, it wanted to be friendly with the ticket puncher and licked his face and whiskers with its rough tongue, thereby causing the conductor much annoyance. Baggageman Stanchfield twisted the animal's tail, but that did not help matters. The engineer blew his whistle, but the cow was used to the noise. Finally the crew lifted the cow out by main strength and started it away toward its pasture.—Chicago Chronicle.

Had His with Him.

He had evidently gazed long and earnestly upon the wine when it was red, with occasional glances at the beer and the rest of the exhibit, and when he reached Madison street at 2:30 o'clock in the morning he did not care whether his sister was buttoned or not. He was at peace with all the world just at that moment, and he was anxious that everybody should know that he was having a built time. He told the policeman about it, and the officer advised him to go home before he got held up. He tried to impart some of his gladness to the quiet man who was waiting to drive the wagon with the fast mail edition of a newspaper, but the quiet man had no sympathy with him. And at last he discovered a cab with the driver bundled up in his great coat and cracking the whip over the horse's back.

"Say, cabbie," he called, "have you got a load?"

"No, sir," said the cabman, pulling up with a flourish.

"Well, say, you ain't in it," replied the happy man; "I have."—Chicago Chronicle.

FASHION AND FANCY.

Something New in Tea Gowns and House Dresses.

Tea Gowns and House Dresses.—There are tea gowns and tea gowns. Some of them are so wrapperish that they are quite too neglige for ordinary use, outside of one's own apartment; others are so modified and adapted to a wider range of uses that they are very close neighbors to dressy house costumes.

Many ladies have adopted the habit of wearing extremely handsome matinees with an ordinary skirt. This makes a costume in which one is presentable at almost any hour, and entirely does away with the wrapper suggestion. This is particularly desirable for young ladies, and is recommended as a fitting substitute for the loose gowns that no well-bred young woman chooses to be seen in after breakfast.

Among the pretty materials are those of pique for cool mornings, or any of the flannelettes or light wool fabrics that make up so daintily.

A stylish model has a perfectly straight back, split up to a point just between the shoulder-blades. In this is set a very full box-plait, either of the material or some contrasting fabric. In one style the fronts are loose, the sides quite close-fitting, being curved in snugly over the hips. The back is perfectly straight, and has the insert plait very full and pressed flat. From a point just above the opening in the back down almost to the waist-line on either side runs a wide band of embroidery. Under the arms this takes an abrupt turn, and comes up over the bust to the collar, where the two sections meet. The effect is of a very pointed bolero jacket in front. The sleeves are large puffs at the tops, with close-fitting portions below; the collar is high, and has a turned-over section made of the embroidery, as described. The material of this jacket is brocaded silk, with the inset in the back, the straight collar and the lower portions of the sleeves of plain satin, matching the ground of the brocade.

Another matinee is of silk spotted cambric. The back is moderately close-fitting, the sides are curved in, the fronts are very loose and confined by a ribbon belt. From the shoulder seams down the front to a point just below the bust are square-cornered fronts of the material, edged with lace and trimmed with galloon; the sleeves are large puffs, extending slightly below the elbows, and finished with deep frills of lace, with galloon heading. A ruffle collar of lace and a jabot from collar to waist line is a suitable and very becoming finish.

As for tea gowns, their name and style are legion. Some of them have fitted princess backs, with Watteau plaits falling from the yoke; others have loose fronts, with ribbons in great profusion; others are made up of what appears to be a waist and skirt, but which may be a princess, with trimming so arranged as to suggest a two-piece garment.

A model peculiarly adapted for a young and slender lady is made of pink and white striped challie. The body is in princess fashion, and closes at one side. The skirt is plain and full, the waist has the front slightly gathered in in French fashion. From the shoulder seams, extending over the bust are the square-cut sections that are so popular in costumes of all sorts. There are close-fitting sleeves, with double ruffles of the material; a high-plaited collar extends above a straight standing collar. The straight collar is stiffened, as is also the frill which stands up around the neck. Wide frills fall over the hands in the present approved fashion. The collar, the ruche, the extra fronts, the double sleeve caps, the cuffs and the ruffles over the hands are trimmed with rows of black velvet. There is also a black velvet belt, with long loops and ends that fall over the front of the skirt.

A very handsome model is made of plain satin. It has a princess back and a very wide-spreading Watteau plait from the yoke between the shoulders. The sleeves are two large puffs, the lower one coming just below the elbow, and finished with a frill of satin, with an inner frill of lace. A large collar covers the shoulders, and the tops of the sleeves extend well out over the puffs. This collar is smooth in the back, and over the shoulders is gathered very full. The front extends somewhat below the bust, and from there, below the waist line, is a full jabot of the lace. The high velvet collar has a frill of lace extending around the back and standing up against the hair. This is filled in with velvet ribbon loops and bows, and the effect is very pretty. A wide velvet girdle extends from either side of the plait in the back to the front, where it finishes with a bow with long ends.—N. Y. Ledger.

To Look Young.

The most essential point, perhaps, in attaining every woman's object of "looking young" is to dress always in the latest mode. The French understand this to perfection, the English do not even pretend to. A dowager wears gowns of from five to 25 years old in style. A grande dame Parisienne looks always as though she had just stepped from the atelier of a smart couturiere. A woman of 40, in an old-fashioned gown, and thin and badly-dressed hair, looks passe entirely, while her friend of 55, in smartest array, is young in every movement. Her stylish gown swings about her with an air of distinction, and her fashionable hat shades her smooth forehead. Her face is framed in ruches and boas and Medici collars, and with softly pompadoured hair modishly undule. She stands and walks with the erect carriage and the little jerky trip of a young woman; she sits with her skirts sweeping the floor beside her, her feet together or easily crossed, instead of flouncing down on her back breadths and folding her hands over a wide lap. Altogether she is a replica of her daughter.—Boston Herald.

—The Bank of England was opened 202 years ago.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—She—"I can sympathize with you. I was married once myself." He—"But you weren't married to a woman."—London Tit-Bits.

—He—"I love you better than my life." She—"Considering the life you lead, I cannot say that I am surprised."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Mr. Windbag—"I think Miss Newoman is every inch a lady." Mr. Wiseacre—"Yes, indeed. She is a perfect gentleman."—St. Paul Dispatch.

—Frances—"Yes, he is pursuing literature." Gertrude—"Indeed. And is he very successful?" Frances—"No. It is still a long way ahead of him."—Cleveland Leader.

—Mamma—"No, Johnny; one piece of pie is quite enough for you." Johnny—"It's funny; you say you are anxious that I should learn to eat properly, and yet you won't give me a chance to practice."—St. Louis Journal.

—Once upon a time two Ordinary Men went and sat through a concert of Good Music; not because they liked it, but because it was the Right Thing to do. "Ah," suddenly cried one of these, in a burst of emotion, "love is both like and unlike a symphony; it is as inharmonious, but it doesn't last so long." As for the other, he has no part in this fable.—Detroit Journal.

—Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, who had a very thrifty wife, was fond of telling a story of his bailiff, who had been ordered by her ladyship to procure a sow of a particular description. The bailiff, one day, burst into the dining-room at Wimpole, then full of company, and proclaimed in high glee: "I have been at Royston fair, my lady, and I have got a sow exactly of your ladyship's size."—Household Words.

—Fully Prepared.—"So you wish to leave to get married, Mary? I hope you have given the matter serious consideration?" "Oh, I have, sir," was the earnest reply. "I've been to two fortune-tellers and a clairvoyant, and looked in a sign-book, and dreamed on a lock of his hair, and been to one of those astrologers, and to a meejum, and they all tell me to go ahead, sir. I ain't one to marry reckless like, sir."—Household Words.

TRUFFLES IN ENGLAND.

A Spot That Is Famed for Its Much Esteemed Fungus.

An ingenious school board child once defined a radish as round and red, except when it was long and white. Similarly the truffle may be described as round and black, except when it is oval and yellow. It possesses a peculiar, penetrating, pungent odor, and a flavor which has been compared to almost every known edible, but which is, in point of fact, distinct and peculiar to itself. "A truffle," as a famous gastronomic expert sagely remarked, "tastes like a truffle, and like nothing else under the sun." The late Lord Beaconsfield, who, strangely enough, detested truffles, is reported to have described them as "looking like rotten potatoes and tasting like bad lucifer matches."

The best truffles come from Perigord, near Bordeaux, and from a place called Carpentras, which is in the neighborhood of Marseilles. To the peasant who resides in these districts the black, granulated, nutlike root is everything—board, lodging, fuel and clothing. From the end of November, when the harvest begins, until the middle of March, when it ends, he hunts for truffles morning, noon and night with a praiseworthy diligence which leaves little to be desired. During the remainder of the year he divides his time pretty equally between indulging in piously worded regrets that the harvest was not more bountiful and attempting to forecast the quantities which will be available for gathering during the ensuing season.

The fungus grows and ripens at a depth of from eight to twelve inches beneath the surface of the ground, and is hunted by dogs specially trained to the work. A good dog will often unearth 300 or 400 truffles in a day; and during the season it is no uncommon thing for an expert hunter who understands his business and has a knowledge of the localities where the root is to be found to make as much as three and four pounds daily. In addition to the dogs, pigs are also used to smell out the hiding places of the truffles, but experience has shown that they are not so reliable, besides being far more difficult to train.

England takes a considerable proportion of the French crop, the price on the London market varying from six shillings to two guineas a pound. A series of severe frosts kills the fungus, or, at all events, prevents it from ripening; and truffles are then extremely scarce and proportionately dear. Last year, as it happened, hardly any truffles were to be had, either for love or money, and a number of "lots" were sold wholesale toward the close of the season at 30 shillings a pound. This year the same truffles would probably not fetch more than a fifth of that sum.

In addition to the true French truffle there are considerable quantities of English ones on the market—more, in fact, than the dealers care to admit. Hampshire, Wiltshire and Dorsetshire are where they are generally found, and it is a legend to this day among the country people engaged in the business that the existence of the underground root in their neighborhood was first made known to their ancestors many years ago by a foreigner who came among them from no one knew whence, accompanied by two long-haired dogs of the poodle variety.

Epping forest, once famous for its truffles, is now destitute of the succulent root, and the same remark applies to Hadleigh woods and the forest country around Barnet.—London Answers.

Belying Her Sex.

First Little Girl—And isn't your cat afraid of mice?

Second Little Girl—Oh, no; not a single bit.

"That's queer. And she's a lady cat, too, isn't she?"—Trifles.